

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION 341
By Crutchfield

A RESOLUTION to honor and mark the occasion of the imminent departure of Mr. John C. Commins.

WHEREAS, the members of this General Assembly were greatly saddened to learn of the imminent departure of Mr. John C. Commins, a prominent Capitol Hill reporter; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins, a man on the move, was born 45 or so years ago, not that long really after Jim Jeffords and Howard Brush Dean III, M.D., but before the legalization of civil unions, in the verdant Green Hills of Vermont, by birth being also a Northeast Rockefeller Republican who got to Tennessee “as quick as he could” but has since decided to leave the state due to its increase in conservatism, the rising price of gasoline, and his very real fear of higher property taxes because of his 2005 Metro property tax appraisal; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins allegedly graduated from Middlebury College in Vermont, the institution of higher education which also graduated a certain Ari Fleischer who had to content himself with becoming a mere spokesman for POTUS, or President of the United States, the most powerful man on the planet now known as Earth; and

WHEREAS, as Mr. Commin’s career headed South, he started in The Virgin Islands and then made a lateral move West where he progressed through a distinguished career as a reporter for the *United Press International*, the *Nashville Banner* where he found his true calling on the police beat, and the *Chattanooga Times*. All of the distinguished papers subsequently fell onto hard times or ceased to exist with the latter becoming hyphenated and later unhyphenated as the *Chattanooga Times Free Press*, a paper with opposing editorial pages, and at which papers he covered in grave details the Tennessee Legislature and other parts of the Body Politic on Cedar Knob, AKA Campbell’s Hill, but in more recent times known simply as

Capitol Hill in Nashville, extending his reportage at times to *Nashville Nightlife*, covering boxing in Printer's Alley; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins had a deep affection for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* reporter Mr. Rick Locker, and they were the Felix and Oscar of Mr. John Jay Hooker's Lazy Louts of the Capitol Hill Press Corps, Mr. Locker often begging Mr. Commins to put out his cigar, asking him about his Vermont upbringing, and listening to his political rants and continual promises, emanating as they did from a diehard Boston Red Sox fan, that "One day we'll win the World Series again!" which the Sox did in 2004 after four score and six years for the fourth generation; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins was known to complain about the lack of neighborhood venues other than Brown's Diner where he could outperform aspiring country artists with his Bluegrass mandolin and banjo-picking, playing such favorites from his agrarian roots as an Audrey Williams rendition of "There's a Bluebird on my Window Sill" or "You Got to Change Your Ways"; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins is a Tae Kwon Do martial arts instructor, known also to provide unsolicited marital counseling; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins had one of his proudest moments when son Ethan caught the biggest fish at the world-famous Humphrey Lake near Fly, Tennessee, on Free Fishing Day; and

WHEREAS, as a somewhat acerbic, starving reporter, Mr. Commins on one occasion, reportedly at least, showed an as yet unconfirmed but valiant display of the Puritan work ethic by supplementing, not supplanting, his meager wages garnered by wretched ink-stained hands at UPI when he continued to sack, not bag, groceries and other assorted sundries at the Cincinnati-based Kroger's, thus earning himself thenceforth and forevermore the nickname of "Sack"; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins has been known to try and bag, err, sack a politician or two, and find novel ways of incorporating golfing outings into hard news articles; and

WHEREAS, the dearly departing Mr. Commins will travel forth to join his beloved wife Rosa and their son Ethan to reside in the rent-free villa district of Valencia in oil-rich Venezuela,

under the alias of Sacko Villa, and will live a reclusive life in the lap of luxury as an extra extranjero en una terra extraña, a true-life Stranger in a Strange Land; and

WHEREAS, there are unconfirmed reports from sources that wish to remain anonymous that Venezuelan President Hugo Chávez has already placed frantic calls to Lt. Governor and Senate Speaker John Shelton Wilder and Senator Jeff Miller on how to deal with Mr. Commins, whereupon both Tennessee leaders reportedly responded in a secret joint bipartisan communiqué, stating “Si se puede, Buena Suerte!” “If it’s possible, Good luck!” in the best Spanish they could muster; and

WHEREAS, there were subsequent reports that Venezuelan President had also placed frantic calls to Congressmen Blackburn and Davis, and State Senator Larry Tommy Kilby; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Commins, this zealot of a watchful guard dog has now grown tired of nipping at the heels of visiting members of state government and has been observed practicing the subtle art of Siesta, both in Federal Court and in Drue Smith-like fashion in Senate Judiciary Committee, all in anticipation of his pending worry-free life of luxury with his career going even further South, this time to South America, now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE ONE HUNDRED FOURTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF TENNESSEE, THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES CONCURRING, that we hereby honor and mark the imminent departure of Mr. John C. Commins.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that we now publicly say to Mr. Commins: “Dear John: Vaya con Dios, Amigo. Hasta la vista, baby!”

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that an appropriate copy of this resolution be prepared for presentation with this final clause omitted from such copy.